

Win Or Lose Or Win Or Lose Or Etc.

I

In Anderson's story

Great Claus thought the reflection was a bright herd
White brown black fur, bells low underwater.

— Jump in, his brother said, — here step in this sack

With the stone and the water herd is yours.—
Great Claus jumped and plumbed straight
Down to roost in his bones.

II

Intensity's fools are often done in.
They lose. But over thirty
You may suddenly wonder
Who was it lost
The tricker or the tricked?
Anyway luck
Is so often timing.

III

Like when my Uncle Pink
Had the Easy Washer
Almost gone
For a fifth of gin .
And Aunt Bonn returned.



Soul's Way

To bond of bone
Its wheel its wheel is
To slip of sleep
Only. Sleep's blue
To wake.
Worship small animals
And large, their instincts
Still intact.
Leaf's kind. For wells
Grapes are in cool
Crocks and air's
Unpredictable blends.

— Ellen Tifft